The Underworld

This book is the first in a series of Faery Stories from the Rainbow House Collective which is an organisation owned and controlled by children. The aim of this collective is childrens Liberation and the survival of our Earth.

To
Kraz and Slog
and all Gypsies of the Dawn
lots of love Shea.

'I tired a ribbon
around his ear'... and then
walked around the mushroom
house. Oh! by the way... his
name is Sniff and he's an elf.

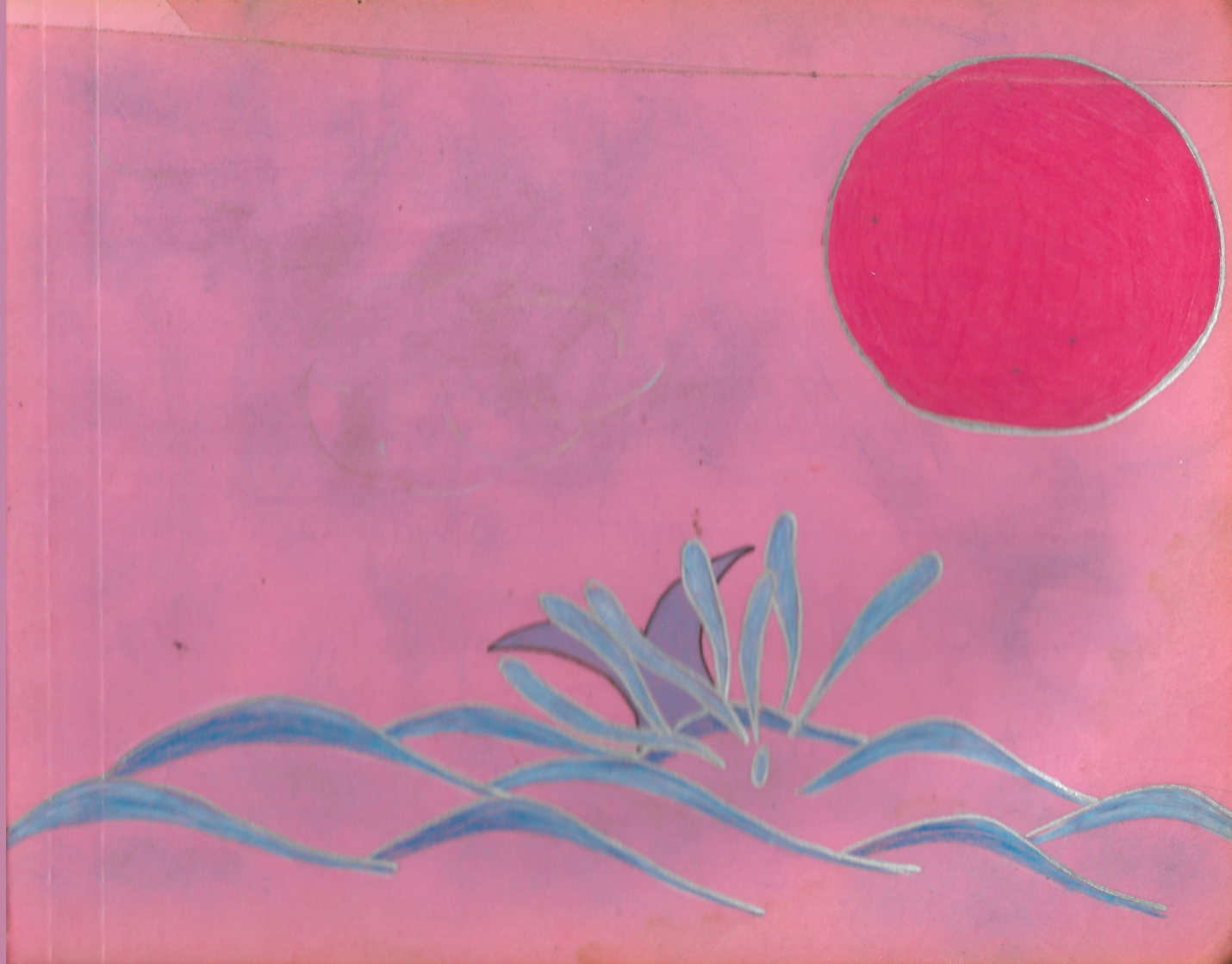
Sniff and me went for a walk
through a big Red Gum tree...
into the land of Fantasy... and
there we walked, skipped and
ran through long long 'grasses',
and tall tall 'treeses';

this is were magic 'fishes'
and rainbow frogs and tiny
weeny mouses all live together
in their warm cosy houses...
sitting beside warm glowing
fires with grannies in rocking

chairs and grandpas in
round-about twirly chairs...
all living and caring for each
other... just like every other
home in fantasy land.

Sniff and me went to visit
these grannies and grandpas,
and we said a friendly 'hello'
and stayed for a bit, then went
fish-finding with some of the
toddlers for a while.

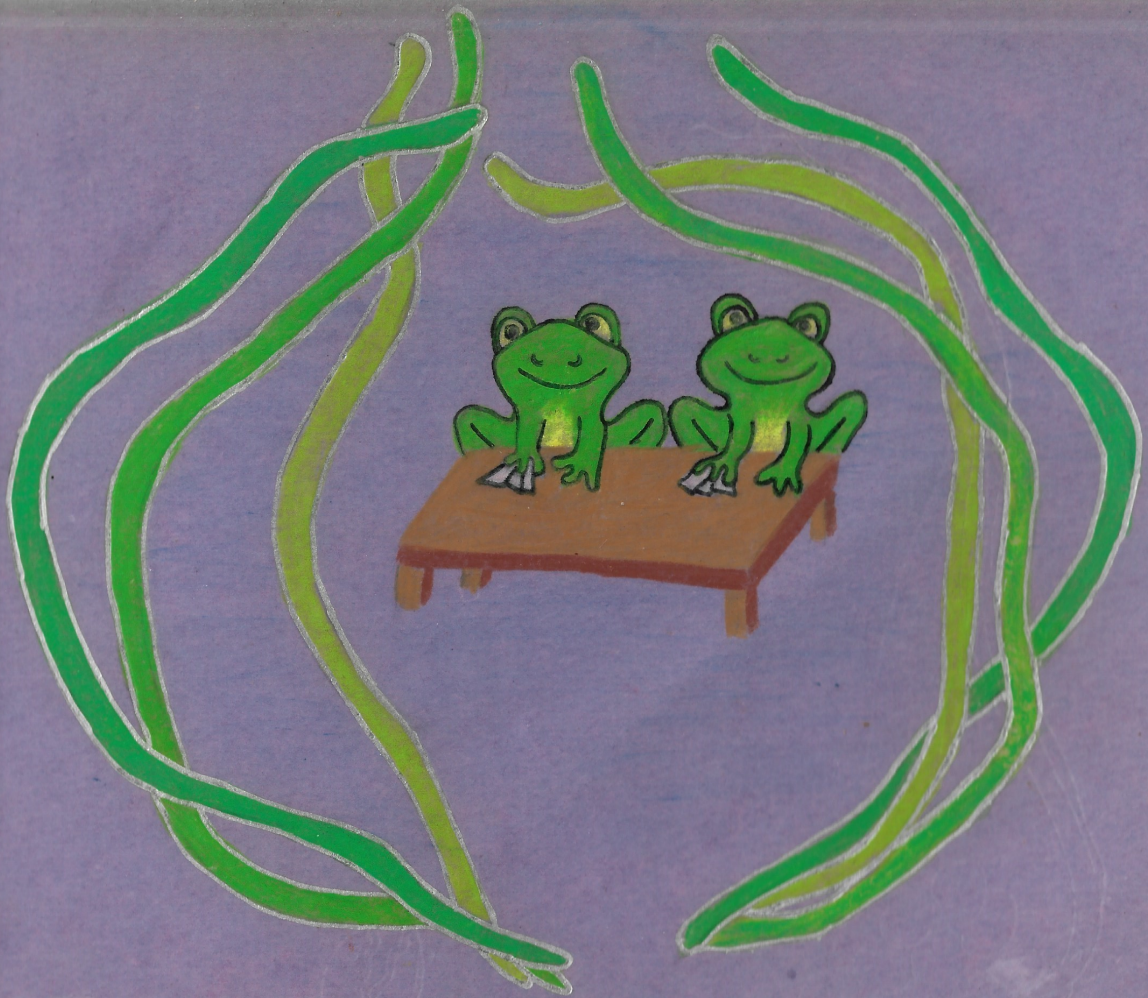
and found one to have a chat with. Then the fish jumped back in and asked us to come for a swim. So we all jumped in and swam over to where the rainbow frogses live in



their peaceful underworld.

There is a special secret about the underworld and if you don't understand what caring and sharing is about then you cannot, no matter how hard you

try, go down to visit. When we found the 'frogses' they were playing bridge, so we ended up just saying 'Good-day and coming up again. But that is the secret... you can stay down in the



underworld for as long as you want to if you know how to care and share!

Anyway we were up now and sitting on the bank, watching the sun go down. There were

purples and pinks and even a tiny streak of red, all mixed up. It was the most amazing sun set I had ever seen. Then the moon rose, out of her nest of stars into the skies of misty black.

Sniff and me said a sleepy goodbye to everyone, and wind-rode all the way home to the mushroom house, under the silvery light of the moon.

I started walking
down the steep overgrown valley,
on a faded fire trail.
Seeing what is to be seen,
tall scenty gum-trees
hanging their lush leaves over beds
of air
brushing against the sky.
Silver threads glistening
in the shine of the sun;
spiders walking on air
with ease...

Another
piece of bark
curls and falls of the tree
to join others.

Down through the mists of time
come thousands of butterflys,
filling the skies with moving colours
then gently landing
on soft green leaves of emerald
till not one leaf can be seen.
When they have rested
they lift their wings and fly,
as if by magic
to another place
to give some-one else happiness.

The End